

Fes Taylor

"Broken Wings"

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[sample] Knowing he can't fly.. Would you take the bar from a little bity baby And you know he gonna cry...
[Fes Taylor] You take the food out my son mouth, you stupid Before I see him cry, I pull my gun out and shoot it I got bitches run around boosted, my crew flip Like Chinese niggas in kung-fu flicks Me and L.I.S. Siamese twins, what's closer than that I pin niggas to the wall, like a poster wit tacks No homo, niggas talk shit, hoping I wont clap So I point it at they face, they like 'dont do that' Rappers on major labels, and they don't go gold I'm an independent artist, did more than what you sold Clowns run around, put dirt on my name Til I spaz out, dirt on they frame, I bury niggas like Portersfield bodies, I'm from Staten Island Home of the real Gotti, Killah Hill lobbies I'm by the elevator, fuck it, will I tell a hater? I hate me to, shit I'm getting hella paper 2 Fly, too high, lower class niggas Pull up in the new five, blowing past niggas Standing on the corner where cops harass niggas Plus we got beats, so choppers'll blast niggas We choppers newsflash niggas, these new ass niggas Is ass niggas, better ask niggas, ask niggas See the last niggas try to ban the word nigga Go ahead sue me, fuck it, I got cash, nigga "God know why" 4x [Fes Taylor] Gun on my hip, who running the strip I have hoes loving the dick, some of them strip Quicker than, I can turn ten grams into a brick I was raised in the zoo of animal ever since Haters pissed cuz I stay wit the latest shit Hip hop minds, treat it like my favorite bitch Greatest to spit, basement, cable to switch We getting MTV money, we rich Homey you still chasing G Money shit My pace'll get me a million, know you niggas is sick Stomach turning, I bubble earning, I fuck wit Vernon My nigga Sean caught a case out in N.C. Now I'm the don, replace cars wit a Bentley What up papi, L.I.S. can't make it, so he sent me I stuff empty bags, I play empty labs But I don't, fuck wit dirty hoes, prolly give me crabs I get plenty ass, rather them give me cash My nigga Jimmy past, so I let the semi blast My energy bast, Goku's highest rated Soul on stage perform like the Iron Maiden Shock the globe, kinda like you trying

Raiden But still got a kind heart like my uncle Ramon
You can't tame him, cuz I'm a wild wolf How could you
blame him, even cages couldn't change him Famous or
not, I still cook it up, like Amos on the block, we
entertainers that'll pop Your time ticking like Satan on
the clock So when I tell him go to hell, I'm just waiting
for a shot

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